WEE WISDOM

NOVEMBER, 1911
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THANKSGIVING GUESTS

Lendall *Edwin* *Louise*

Betty S. Phelps

Josephine Lytle

WEE WISDOM
"Little Children Love One Another" "Wisdom is Justified of her Children"

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A LITTLE GIRL IN A BIG WORLD

BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER

II

TWENTY little girls sat in a row, each one sewing the end of a coarse linen towel. The children looked as much alike as the towels, which had been cut from the same bolt of cloth. Blue calico dresses without an edge or ruffle of any description, stout shoes unadorned, and narrow black hair ribbons, which in spite of the black, brown, red, or yellow of the hair, made the heads look just alike.

Mrs. Maugre, the matron of the Children's Home, had given them their sewing with the command to finish hemming one end before they thought of going to the play room; then she told them what would happen if they disobeyed the older girl, in whose charge they were left; and as she turned to leave the room she looked back with the words, "You may talk quietly, but not loud. Now mind—if I hear any noise out in the hall I shall make you work in silence the rest of the day."

No one seemed inclined to talk. Several girls made a face at the matron's back and sat with idle hands and sullen faces; some stitched with a carelessness which took no account of the size or position of the stitches. Their only endeavor was to get through and out of the workroom; for experience had taught that every towel must have the end hemmed before the owner could quit. Several children turned to their work with patient, hopeless industry, and seemed to care nothing at all whether they worked or played. In fact, the whole row of twenty little girls looked so forlorn, miserable, discontented, and sullen that it would have been hard to tell one from the other, even by their expression—with but one exception.

Number "Fourteen" wore a smile on her homely, freckled, thin little face, and that smile shone out like Portia's candle in a dark night! It was an unconscious smile too, as the brown head bent over the unaccustomed task and the awkward fingers handled the coarse material. What Adrian La Verne could find to smile at in that bare, dreary-looking room was more than most people could have discovered. Still, she smiled and sewed, and occasionally glanced at the disagreeable fat girl at her side, and the sad, thin girl at the end, and at the saucy, pert girl in the middle; and still she smiled.

You see, she was a new girl and had not yet learned that the Home was a "prison" and Mrs. Maugre a "beast," and that the children were expected to act like criminals; at least that is what the fat girl told her when she caught Adrian's smile as she looked up. "Oh, you won't smile *long,* missie! wait till you're here a week, and then see if you like it."

"I didn't say I liked it," answered Adrian; "but I do, just the same. I guess if you hadn't had much to eat ever since you was born, you'd like it here too."

"I wouldn't neither," replied the fat girl, who had never been hungry in her life; "I'd rather starve than live in this old prison."

"Why are you here?" asked Adrian.

" 'Cause my aunt went and got married, and I sassed her and they wouldn't keep me no longer. My mother and father died long ago, and I ain't got nobody else but my aunt, and I'd rather live here than with her!"

The little newcomer gave herself a shake of real pleasure. The warm bath and decent underwear, a satisfying breakfast of nourishing food, and now the pleasant task of pushing the slippery, polished needle through the loose soft mesh of cloth, gave her a feeling of delight which she little understood herself.

"My folks is dead too," she remarked with a happy smile; "and I like this room 'cause it's clean, an' I like to sew better'n to play in the other room with the dolls. I never did like dolls!"

"Do you call *them* dolls?" The fat girl grew red with indignation. "Them's nothing but bunches of rags! You'd just ought to see the dolls in the shop winders

down town, say! You'd just *oughter* see them! I'm going to run away from here some time, an' when I do I'm going to get a doll what I saw in a shop. I'm going to wait till old Maugre ain't a lookin', and then I'm going to skip. Do you want to come along?" The fat girl had been captivated with Adrian's happy disposition in spite of her own scowling face.

"No, I think I'd like to just stay here for a while; and I like Mrs. Maugre awful. She has that kind of a kind voice that Mrs. Johnson has, though of course she don't look nice."

The fat girl turned to Adrian in surprise: "You *like* old Maugre! Well, you are a queer one! Nobody likes *her*, you silly!"

Their conversation came to a stop and both applied themselves to their towel, each thinking deeply upon what the other had said.

Adrian had been happy in the old shack in spite of hunger, ill treatment and neglect; she had been happy in the narrow cramped surroundings of her early life, not because there was anything for which she might justly be thankful, but just because she insisted upon being contented in spite of the many hardships of her lot. Her smile had become a habit, and it brightened her own life and cheered up those with whom she came in contact, like the sunshine which gilds the dullest object. No child can suffer as she had done and not bear the marks which tell of the hours of waiting and hoping for the return of a father who spent his time at the saloon—marks which tell of unwholesome scanty food and lack of proper raiment. These signs were about Adrian, and showed in the thin transparent skin, the blue veins on her temples, and the dark sunken eyes with their long golden-brown lashes, but not in her smile, which the roughness of the world had never been able to drive away.

Have you ever paused to consider what this habit of smiling means to a person? Just think for a moment of the contrast between a smiling and a scowling face! Year by year the lines deepen, the features are formed anew, and the expression becomes the index of the character; for to smile with one's lips and eyes one must smile with one's heart. We cannot "grin and bear it" always; and

to have a happy heart is to have a happy life, no matter how dull and dreary our surroundings may be. It is not what we *have*, but what we *make* of what we have, that fashions our lives and molds us into the beings we are. One of our New Thought poets has said, "Laugh, and the world laughs with you;" and selfish as it may be of the old world, yet it is true. If we are happy and contented in spite of the clouds which sometimes darken the sky, good things just pile up for us, people like to be near us and to please us, and when any favors are to be granted it delights people to remember us. Good fortune always comes to the people who expect it. To expect it is to believe in the goodness and brightness of the common everyday things which are close at hand; and that's what Adrian did, although she hadn't the least knowledge in the world of these great truths.

If she hadn't been happy and industrious, with that sweet smile hovering about her lips, Mrs. Temple might never have noticed her; for she would have looked just like all the other little girls in that row. If Mrs. Temple had not noticed her there would have been no Christmas visit; and without that—but there! I must not tell you about it now!

Just as the last stitch went into the one end of the towel, and Adrian had decided to ask the big girl if she might begin on the other end instead of going into the play room, the hall door opened and Mrs. Maugre and a tall, beautifully dressed lady came into the room.

"These children are all about ten and twelve," said the matron, pointing a finger at the row of sewers as if they had been that many chairs or tables or window curtains. "They're all here in the Home just until we can find somebody to take them; but they are none of them attractive enough to be adopted, and they're too little to be taken for work, so I guess we'll have them on our hands for a while till they grow some." To have heard Mrs. Maugre make this statement in cold, unvarnished words would have been a shock to gentler-bred children than these; but they did not mind being called unattractive, and as for staying in the Home, it had become a matter of accepted fact with them.

Mrs. Temple, with a little shudder at the plain words

of the matron, looked at the line of faces with something akin to pity. "Oh, I wish I could take them *all* home with me! Poor little things, what a dreary life it must be! and I never even thought about it before! Why don't they dress them differently? I should be just as hateful and sullen as that child at the end of the row if I had to be dressed like that and go by a number instead of a name! It's just frightful!" All this she thought as she looked at each child in the long line; aloud she asked, "Which one had I better take for the two weeks, Mrs. Maugre?"

"Oh, any one you want; it don't make any difference to me or the Home either." Then in a voice so low that the listening children failed to catch either the words or the tone, she added: "It will make a mighty difference, though, to the one you select; but poor creatures! I don't know which needs it most, and I try not to care. You see, I've been in the work so long and have had my heart wrung by so many pitiable stories of poor abused little children, that the only thing I can do to keep my place is to harden my heart as best I can and try not to care one way or the other."

The richly dressed woman turned to the other with understanding. "I never thought how hard it must be for you! Of course you could not allow yourself to care (as if they were your own) or you never could stand it; but tell me, which one shall I take home for two weeks at Christmas time? Is there any one of them needs it more than the others?"

"They all need it, one as bad as the other; so you'd better take the one you like the looks of best. It will be a fine chance for the one you select, although it will be kind of hard on her coming back."

"Dear me, there are so many things I never thought of before!" sighed the lady. "I thought only of the good time I might be able to give some little girl, and never once thought of the 'coming back' part. Who is that thin little thing with the brown hair and—there! the one who is smiling at us? Poor little thing, she looks worn out or sick."

"Oh, that is 'Fourteen.' She just came last evening. Her father ill treated her when he was drunk. We were

going to take her anyway, when the father died and she was sent right over here. She wouldn't be a bad-looking child if she wasn't so thin."

"She certainly is a homely little thing; but I do love homely children, because I was so plain myself, I suppose. Do you think she would like to come? Of course I wouldn't take one of them for the world, unless they were anxious. What do you think?"

"Oh, they'll be wild to go; never fear. Do you want 'Fourteen'? You had better take her, for she looks the best natured."

And so it happened that because Adrian smiled and looked pleasant and was happy even in the bare, cold room at the Children's Home, Mrs. Temple took her for two weeks to a beautiful cottage in the suburbs, to spend the Christmas holidays.

(*To be continued.*)

VIOLET'S VIRTUES

My dear:

Purple Violet of the Little Woods sent me word several weeks ago that she was very sleepy and would have to go to bed for the winter. "The other flowers have been tucked away long ago," she said; "and anyway, it is very cold here now, and the brown leaves insist upon covering me up. The children will be glad to have a letter from the Sunny South, so you please write to them this time, and give them my love."

It was just like Purple Violet to do this, or in fact any Violet; for we are the Love flower, and of course are always seeking to give each other the really pleasant things to do. And as for giving you her love—why, dearie, it would be impossible for me to give you anything else from Purple Violet. She is every bit love—every tiny bit of her. I wonder if you have noticed this. The next time you hold a violet in your hand just see if you can find anything about it which does not suggest love. In the first place, there is its leaf—a perfect little green heart. Love is always from the heart, and green is the "peace" color. Love never quarrels, never finds fault, never sees evil, believes that every one is just like

itself—loving—and hence is always full of peace. Another thing which you may not have noticed is that you can never find the violets until you look for them; for they hide themselves under their leaves. Love always keeps in the background; it never pushes forward; it is meek and lowly, hiding itself and all that it does, and yet you can always tell where Love has been, because it always leaves a blessing in its pathway. When you have brushed the leaves aside and have found the violets, you notice the beautiful purple dresses which they wear. Did any one ever tell you that the royal robe, or the king's dress, is purple? It is the Love color, and is always worn by those having the place of greatest honor on the earth. The king wears it as a sign that he has reached a place of such richness that he no longer needs to receive anything but love from his subjects, and that his whole life may be spent in *giving* to those about him. Since his position is the very highest, he delights to serve others, and so he wears the royal purple. There is one thing more that I must tell you: We have five petals and a golden center or heart. Gold, you know, is the sign of richness and purity, and the five petals represent the five senses of seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, and feeling, all centered in richness and purity, and devoted wholly to Love.

At present I am in——but I will tell you about that later. Yesterday we were growing out at the flower farm, but this morning early, just as the sun was peeping up over the hills in the east, a man came to gather us. He said we were needed in the city. We enjoyed it so much, living out there in the valley! It was delightful to look up into the blue sky and watch the fleecy clouds floating overhead. It never occurred to any of us to resist being pulled, for we wish to be where we can serve the best. Love never thinks about the *place* in which it serves, but only about the service. We were put in a long green box, sprayed with water, and covered above and beneath with oiled paper. Then we were sent to the florist's. I am not sure, but I think we are very expensive now. I think I heard the young lady say, as she arranged us in tiny bouquets, that we would bring fifty cents a bunch. We were placed in the back

of the store, for we do not require a great deal of light; and then, too, the man who owns the shop said we were not so showy as the roses and other flowers. The young lady was very sorry she could not put us in the window. "Violets are so lovely!" she said to the man.

It was very early this morning—I suppose on his way to business—that a young man came in. "I want some flowers," he said as he walked toward the back of the store, where the young lady was arranging us. Then, noticing the violets in her hand, he said again quickly, "I want some *violets*. I want four bunches. Fifty cents a bunch, you say? Well, I guess you can make it six bunches—I want plenty; and say," he added, "fix them up in a nice box, will you?" He handed her a card and walked quickly out of the store. "I know they are for his betrothed," the young lady said as she looked at the card. "I am so glad he chose violets! I am sure I would like violets—they are so lovely."

Later in the day a sweet-faced lady entered. "My neighbor's little boy is ill. He was taken to the hospital yesterday, and I want some flowers for him," she said. The young lady took her all about the shop, showing her the carnations, roses, asters, chrysanthemums, and lastly the violets. She looked at us thoughtfully for a long time. "I must take these," she said. "They are as little and dear as he is," she added tenderly. So some more of my little friends went on their way of blessing. I was left, and was glad, for I liked to be near the young lady.

About lunch time, a gray-haired gentleman came in. His face was sad, and there had been tears in his eyes. "Please give me some flowers—some of your nicest ones." The young lady began with the violets this time; she seemed to know that he would want us. As he stood looking silently into our wealth of purple color, the young lady thought maybe, since he was hesitating, he would prefer some roses instead, so directed his attention to them; but he stood still, and his eyes moistened. "Oh, no! *they* are for gay times," he said; "but the violets seem so gentle and soothing and sweet. You see, it's my little granddaughter. She—left us this morning, and her mother is so sad. Oh, yes! it must be the vio-

lets," he said. "Several bunches, please." Again some more of my companions went on their way, but I stayed with the young girl in the store. Many other customers called, and almost always violets were chosen, until finally, late in the evening, there was but one bunch left —the one in which I was fastened. Almost at six o'clock a poor working man came in. The young lady showed him the asters, thinking they would suit him in price; but he looked about thoughtfully. "It's our anniversary," he said. "The wife and I have been married fifteen years, and I want something she would like." Then spying us he said, "The violets—how much are the violets?" When she told him he inquired, "But a half bunch—could you sell me the half bunch?" As she wrapped up the little bouquet he smiled. "I know she will like them," he said.

Again I was left, with but three or four of the others; for the young lady had been generous with her last customer. It was time to leave the store. "I cannot bear to leave you," she said, fondling us with her hand. "You will be faded by morning; I think I must take you with me." As she slipped the money in the cash drawer, the shop-keeper remarked: "It seems that we have sold nothing to-day but violets." "But violets are so lovely!" she said.

That night as she sat in her room reading Shelley's poems, she held me in her hand, and pressed her lips to me several times. I alone was left with her; she had given the others to a little child on the car as she was coming home. While she read I kept thinking about my other friends. That morning we were all growing together in the valley. To-night a bunch of us was fastened in the lovely dress of a beautiful girl, our delicate fragrance blending with the sweet words her beloved was whispering. Over the little white cot in the hospital a sweet-faced lady was holding another bouquet and telling of Love. In another home, a gray-haired grandfather was smoothing his daughter's brow, as she buried her face in the flowers he had brought, and was pleading that none can go beyond Love's embrace. Another bunch of us was doing honor at a simple anniversary supper—a beautiful love feast where a father and

mother and three rosy-faced little children sat. In another home a little child squeezed some of us tightly in her hand as she fell asleep for the night; and I was being held over a book of Shelley, and kissed, as a sweet girl read the lines. It was growing late. She was reading from "The Cloud," where it says:

"I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die."

She slipped me in here. "I will press you," she said. Even at this I made no murmur, for Love breathes sweetness even when crushed. As the leaves closed tightly over me, my fragrance enveloped the whole book. "One could tell that a violet is there," she mused; "violets are so lovely!"

BASHA

Sequel to "Treasure-Box"

IMELDA OCTAVIA SHANKLIN

III

"I will keep the ship to the west, Basha. You shall be brought to Walin."

Upon this she retired to her cabin, sleeping until the kind steward brought her morning fare.

They passed through the watery fields wherein tall mountain cones glowed, mighty torches kindled from the inexhaustible springs of hidden fire. When the red flames bore hotly upon them, all knew that these were not of the kingdom in which the white princess ruled.

They entered the swift flow of a sea-river that would have drifted them northward. The captain explained the matter in accounting for the variation of their course, and the maiden said, her hand upon the necklace:

"You will bring the ship across. I have no fear."

They touched on many shores, but at none of them could the captain find tidings of the white princess. Dark-skinned men wearing clubs for weapons crowded

upon the beach, in wonder at the unknown craft, in deeper wonder at the fair faces of the strange men, and in simple awe of the fairer face of the maiden who sat in the prow of the ship. And Basha said,

"Not here, but yet farther."

At every delay the captain would seek to encourage Basha, saying cheerily:

"Though we find not the princess here, maiden, somewhere beyond lies her kingdom. You shall be brought thither with what speed the good ship can sail."

The maiden, her hand upon the necklace, would reply,

"Yes, captain, somewhat beyond; but we shall come upon the land of the princess, where dwells Walin my friend."

Upon this the captain would look at her in admiration, and the crew would pass her strong words from lip to lip, praising the maiden's courage; for the brave never fail to accord honor to the brave.

All this voyaging had been under peaceful skies and upon still waters. There came an afternoon when the captain said to Basha as she sat in the prow:

"Maiden, many have been the delays in your journey to the white princess and your friend, and not once has the great spirit in you faltered. There comes yet another test. We are entering upon a storm that threatens great severity. Always have I been upon the seas, but never have I seen the barometer fall as it falls now. I have given orders to make the ship snug, and please heaven, we shall outride the stress!"

While he spoke, black, angry clouds appeared upon the horizon; the wind quickened in the rigging, wailing an ominous threat. A gloom gathered over the waves, and streaming, crackling ribbons of lightning played along the inky wall of cloud rushing upon them. The captain continued:

"Maiden, you must go within. We shall have terrific seas."

But Basha requested,

"Let me sit upon the deck in the prow, my face to the west. Lash me fast to the ship, but let me stay without."

"No, maiden; I am holden for your welfare. You must go within."

Basha yielded, and the captain led her along the heaving deck to her cabin. As she passed the seamen at their posts, each man said:

"Courage, maiden. Please heaven we shall bring you to the land you seek."

Basha smiled upon them through the darkness that was effacing sight, and she answered:

"Please heaven; so may each of you be also carried whither you would anchor."

The captain put the maiden into her cabin and made fast the door.

All that night the hurricane winds swept the ship, and all next day the giant waves beat upon it. The darkness of the storm united with the second night, and peace yet delayed her coming upon the waters. Not once could the captain leave his place to come and have speech with Basha, and not once could the steward minister unto her. Each seaman stood manfully to his task, thinking upon the strong heart of the maiden and remembering her just words. The ship fought like a living creature, straining to upbear herself from the seas that flooded her, wrestling with the awful currents that wrenched at her timbers, plunging ahead through the blackness that wrapped her from all things. The maiden sat within her cabin, staying her body by the fixed furniture, her face toward the west, one hand upon the necklace.

At midnight the wind lulled, but the seas ran mightily and there was no star-point of light out of the murky skies. The captain came to Basha's door, calling:

"Cheer, maiden! We shall soon have smoother seas and fairer skies. The good ship holds stanch, and is set toward the west."

Basha replied,

"Cheer, captain!"

The steward came, bringing her food and drink. He spoke her courageously and Basha answered courageously. After she had refreshed herself the maiden slept.

While Basha slept the clouds parted and the golden dawn showered down upon the ship. A thin, shifting fog

ran over the face of the waters. A snow-white gull flew close to the ship's rail. "Land, ho!" cried the officer on watch.

The captain went to Basha's door and aroused her.

"Cheer, maiden. We come upon a green, pleasant shore. Will you step upon deck and look?"

The spirit of Basha started up at the words. She arose, dressed herself with all speed, and came upon the deck.

The face of the sea was clearing. The ship drew nearer the land. A quay ran out into the water and a watchman hailed them:

"What ship is this, and what fair purpose brings you hither?"

The captain of the ship made answer:

"This is the ship upon which Basha has voyaged in pursuit of the white princess and the maiden Walin."

"Then," announced the watchman, "you are many times welcome. Always has the maiden Walin believed that Basha would come; and that her coming might be made known immediately, I have been placed upon watch. I will apprise the princess of Basha's presence."

The watchman departed. The vapor that had obscured the land, save that here and there its shifting had revealed the greenness of the sward, now ascended, disclosing a white palace somewhat back from the sea marge.

Basha arrayed herself in fresh apparel and put upon her the jewels as wrought by the jewel-smith. When she came again upon deck the captain and the seamen marveled at her, for never had they thought to see a maiden possessed of such gems.

On her head she wore a helmet of diamonds, and her long braids of hair were woven with pearl ropes. Two armlets of ruddy rubies she wore, a breastplate of emeralds, and about her waist a girdle of opals. The golden meshes of her sandals were set with yellow topaz stones, and above the sandals were anklets of turquoise. About her neck was the little jeweled chain she had cast from her when Walin quit the sands.

There proceeded from the palace a large company of people, and coming before them was a messenger with

word for Basha. When the first of the company had touched the beach, the people separated, drawing back on either side. The open space formed an avenue, at the further end of which stood two figures in white. When she saw these two standing, the heart in Basha leaped like a wild bird rising above the net of the fowler. She knew that Walin waited for her there.

Basha said farewell to the captain and his men. She went out upon the quay, then stepped upon the green earth. She put out her right hand and her left in greeting to the smiling throng along the way, but her eyes were upon the two who stood at the farther opening of the avenue.

She saw Walin step from the side of the princess and run toward her. Basha ran. Never before had her feet been half so winged. She heard the cheering voices of the multitude like one who in his slumber hears that which has no part in the value of his dream. So Basha found her friend Walin, and their arms were about each other. They wept and kissed each other, and each held the other fast. And their tears were less for the sorrow of the separation than for the joy which knows that the distance which divides may also be the presence which unites. Their kisses fell like the sunbeams that light up the far-off planet into the radiance which makes of it a shining world. And Basha had Walin, her friend, and Walin had Basha, whom she loved most of all.

Then Walin remembered that the princess waited to welcome Basha, so she led her friend between the two companies of brightly dressed courtiers.

"Greetings to Basha, the beautiful!" cried the attendants of the princess.

"Greetings to Basha, friend of Walin!" called the people farther back.

"Greetings to Basha, the brave!" shouted the crew from the ship.

The people on the shore shook out their handkerchiefs toward Basha. The men on the ship swung their caps for Basha. The little children ran before, dancing and singing, tossing blossoms upon the way of Basha. But what the maiden saw and knew through all the glad tumult, making the warm life run through her, urging

her willing feet toward the princess, was Walin—Walin by her side, holding her by the hand, looking upon her with eyes of love and pride.

When the maidens came to the princess Basha knelt and put out her hands. The princess lifted the maiden to her feet, kissed her upon the forehead, and said:

"Thrice welcome, Basha the beautiful, Basha friend of Walin, Basha the brave!"

Then began Basha to unclasp her gemmed ornaments, a homage offering to the princess; but the latter stayed her.

"Nay, Basha; these gems are yours. They more enrich my kingdom when worn by you, whose faithfulness and courage won them, than could they idly resting in the coffers of the crown. I cannot wear them, for in this land not even the princess may possess that which her own endeavors have not gained. Therefore, Basha, these gems are yours. If you find it in your heart to offer me the little chain about your neck I shall keep it before me as a token of that strength which upbore you in the face of all that was in your life to discourage and dismay. If you find it in your heart, Basha."

Basha considered.

"She has no memory of those days upon the sands, no visions of the nights upon the deep. They were never hers; they are no longer mine. Let there be no bonds to sorrow, no links to pain. She was never burdened, and so shall I be free."

Basha unclasped the chain and spread it across the hand of the princess.

(*The end.*)

Kind words are wonderful little seeds
That blossom into beautiful deeds;
Kind deeds shine brighter than any star
That pierces the beautiful blue afar.
Both are more precious, little boy and girl,
Than any diamond, ruby, or pearl.
So with such seeds fill your garden fair,
That lovely flowers may blossom there.

—*Annie E. Skinner, in "Child Garden."*

CHILD-GARDENING

Conducted by LIDA H. HARDY

THE GOSPEL REVEALED IN JESUS CHRIST

GOD MANIFEST IN MAN

"Lead the child through Nature to Nature's God."—Froebel.

A two years' course of Practical Christianity lessons for children in the home and the Sunday school.

The first year's course is made up entirely of nature talks—"God's Gifts to His Children." Through these the child is led to observe Life in its different degrees of manifestation, and is made to know that every creation of God, however lowly, has its place in the one great whole, of which the child himself is only another expression. The first year's lessons close with the Christmas story, "God's Gift of His Son"—our perfect pattern, from which, through the following year, the child learns the lessons which he needs in love, kindness, truthfulness, and obedience.

The second year's course includes lessons on the childhood, boyhood, and manhood of Jesus the Christ, his life and his teachings—from the manger to the throne.

LESSON IX

Subject: First Miracle of Jesus.

Seed Thought: Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.—John 2:5.

Point of Contact: A Wedding.

The other day as I was passing a church I saw a large crowd of people coming out. Among the people I saw a little boy that I know, and I asked him what was going on at the church. He said: "Why, they're havin' a weddin'. Helen Hamilton just got married to a feller from Chicago. They're goin' home to Helen's house now, jes across the street from my house. An' say, you jes oughta see the good things Miss Hamilton's goin' to give 'em fer dinner—chicken an' ice cream an'—an' everything—An' oh, the pertiest flowers!"

I told him I was so glad they were going to have such a happy time. What is it, Henry? "We—we jus' had piles o' fun wen my big sister Mabel got married. We had everything good—an'—an'—*punch!* You know—kinda like lemonade—all sweet, with the jolliest big cherries in, red an' green—an'—an' pineapple—" Oh, it must have been very nice! and we are all glad that *you* had such a happy time.

THE LESSON STORY

The lesson to-day is about a wedding too. Instead of having punch, they had at this wedding a drink made

from the juice of grapes, which they called "wine." The lesson story is called "The First Miracle of Jesus."

All the works that Jesus did were done by God's rule or God's law. And he was always telling the people how they could work in the same way; but many did not understand him.

A wonderful thing that takes place in the world, such as turning water into wine, is called a "miracle" by

Marriage at Cana of Galilee

those only who do not know God's rules or laws. To Jesus, turning water into wine was no miracle, because he knew the rule to work by, just as children at school know the rule by which they work their problems.

Our story to-day is about a wedding which took place in Cana of Galilee. Jesus, Mary his mother, and the disciples were there, together with many other people. A long time ago the people thought that at weddings they had to have a great deal of wine to drink.

They had at this wedding six large stone jars full. And the people just kept drinking it, and drinking it, until they drank it all up.

Mary went to Jesus and told him that the wine was all gone. Jesus said, "Fill the waterpots with water." Then they filled them just as full as they could. Jesus said, "Now take some to the ruler of the wedding." The ruler tasted it, then called for the man that was being married, and said: "Every man has the *best* wine at the beginning of his wedding; but you have kept the best until the last."

Spiritual Application: In the lesson about John the Baptist we learned that the intellect is that in us which believes in things as they *seem,* instead of as they are in truth. The real self in us is that which *knows* and *lives* the truth. When the intellect will let the *real* self tell it the truth, the real self and the intellect are *joined together,* and instead of being *two* they are *one.* After this joining together, or this wedding, intellect sees things as they are in *truth* instead of as they *seem.* When we see a man and woman marry, it makes us think of this joining together of the intellect and the soul or real self. In our body there are twelve great powers—love, life, truth, etc. In the last lesson we learned that the disciples of Jesus were signs or symbols of these powers.

In this lesson Jesus represents the real self of us, when we are just beginning to understand about the twelve powers which the real self has charge of. Until we know that the real self in us can tell these powers what to do and have them *do it,* we are like the people at the wedding, wanting wine and without any. The water is a sign or symbol of the perfect life which is everywhere. We have learned before that our body is the temple of God.

The six waterpots are signs or symbols of the six beautiful gateways through which thoughts pass into our body temples. The six thought gateways are Intelligence, Power, Love, Substance, Truth, and Life. Each one of these powers has its own gateway through which its own thoughts pass. Through studying our own thoughts and the way they work we shall learn just

where these gateways are placed in our body temple. Then we shall know how to keep them pure and sweet, so that the true thoughts (angels of God) may pass through them into God's beautiful temples, filling them with his life, light, and love.

All around us everywhere is God's free, perfect life, like the clear pure water. After water has soaked into the ground and comes up again through the vine and grapes it changes into rich, sweet grape-juice. When God's perfect life comes into our body temples through the six thought gateways, and we use it as God wants us to use it, it is as much richer than before, as grape-juice is richer than water.

After this beautiful change has taken place, we find that our world to work in is inside of us, and that we must leave the things to God that do not look good to us, outside of our body temples. We may point to others the shining path, then leave them to choose.

When we are meek and kind and loving through what looks to be *hard* things, never fighting *anything*, then the water in our waterpots is being changed into the pure, perfect wine of life.

MEMORY VERSE

Within my temple, day and night,
Six gateways open wide
For thoughts of truth, "God's angels pure,"
To enter and abide.

EPISTLES

THE WEE WISDOM CLUB

Well, here we are at the first meeting of the Wee Wisdom Club under its new organization. We are all members, and all take an interest in the doings of the club. This month we have several reports from our little brothers and sisters.

Richard must have great times in his school in the woods. He ought not to be afraid of Gulabuzue. Perhaps the poor fellow wants to play with him. We must not be afraid of

things just because they look peculiar. How we welcome the dear little brothers and sisters who write us from Petersburg, Ind.! They must be happy, living like one big family and playing together when out of school. They are all God's children, and we know they will find nice papas and mammas. St. Clair tells us that he wants us to visit him through his little brother Robert. It is very generous of him to let his brother see us first. We know that St. Clair is just as much a Wee as ever. Ethel, bless her heart, likes us so well that she wants us to visit Marion for a year. George sends us his picture, and says that he prefers fairy stories to letters. Well, George, we shall have fairy stories—nice fairy stories. We may have room for the letters too. Don't you enjoy these little chats with your brothers and sisters? Merle says Hello to us from away off in Washington. She wants some of us to write to her. Try it! We know that she will be a nice little "Post Office Playmate." She sent a cute drawing of a little pup with her letter. Have you seen it? Here is little Mildred. She is so far away from us and so far away from playmates, let's write to her and tell her all about the happiness that comes into our lives. She has come to be with us for more than a year, so make friends with her. Frieda, we are delighted to see you with us again! We have missed you in your absence. Rachel says that she is very glad to have us visit her. We hope that she will visit *us* more often. Raydia lisps out a cute little story to us. We are very glad that Grandma wrote it down for us. We are so glad to have Mabel Olson visit us. She is such a sweet girl. She must have rollicking times with her brother and sisters. Mabel Dana and Bonnie have very cute verses to offer us.

Many more Wee letters have reached us since the printer took the "copy," but they will have to wait until next month for their "visit." Let's call ourselves the "Wee Wisdom *Booster* Club," and get all our little friends to join our Wee Wisdom Club. It is not much trouble to do it. Show them what fun you get out of her visits, and we are sure that they will want her to come every month. If you want to join the "Boosters' Club," write and tell us so. We will explain all the details. We are expecting a letter from *you*. We shall print the best letters which come. We know that yours will be among them.

The meeting is over until next month.

Royal, Central Sec.

THE TIME FOR REST

MABEL DANA

When the golden sun has set,
And the birds are in their nest;
When the frogs begin to chirp,
Then is the time for rest.

When the moon peeps o'er the hills,
And the stars shine at their best;
When the twilight deepens more,
Then is the time for rest.

When the day's work all is over,
And the sun sinks in the west;
When every one is tired,
Then is the time for rest.

Alameda, Cal.

Seattle, Wash.

[Wee Raydia, with the help of Grandma, tells what happened when mamma was a little girl.]

Why, don't you know 'bout *me?* I am Raydia, and Bejinoo is my sister. Her name is Virginia, but I can't say it. One time my mamma was a little girl in Denver, and there was a big gray cat that lived next door, and it always weared a dear little silver bell fastened round its neck wif a nice leather collar, and when the Kitty moved it went "Tinkle, tinkle," so pretty! And what do you s'pose? The lady said that one day her little dear baby was asleep up stairs, and it began to scream awful; and she ran up there quick, and there was the nice Kitty with a 'mense big rat. And when the lady picked up the poor little baby, its dress was all bluggy where the rat had been biting the baby's toes. Now what do you think of that? And they loved the good Kitty, and put the silver bell on to 'member it by.

Southold, N. Y.

Dear WEE WISDOM—You used to visit me every month, but you haven't for two years. I found the Birthday Number that a little friend left at my house, and I enjoyed reading it so much! I want you to come again. Mother has given me fifty

cents for my birthday. I am sending it to you to pay your traveling expenses for a year. Please begin with this month, so I will have the first copy for my birthday. I will be eleven years old, and am in the fifth grade at school. I try to remember "God is my intelligence," but I often forget, and I think WEE WISDOM will help me. I want to be one of the Wees, and I send them all much love. Your friend,

Frieda C. Williams.

Taunton, Mass.

Dear WEE WISDOM—I am so glad to get you every month, I think I ought to write to you and tell you so. I have taken you for two years or more. I am in the sixth grade in school, and ten years old. The school is only two houses away. I send lots of love to Wee Curtis; and how I wish I could see him and all the Wees! *Rachel Hall.*

Petersburg, Ind.

Dear WEE—Here we come just as fast as we can, to invite WEE WISDOM to our Home for two years. I wonder how many of us children will be here when the two years are up. When folks who have no little children want a little girl or boy to call their own, they come to the Children's Home and get one, and children who have no other place to stay, come here to live until some family comes and gets them. We have splendid times, and love all the little folks who come to make this their home. We go out to the public school and Sunday school. We love WEE WISDOM too.

The Children (Delia Gressel, Matron).

Greenwich, Conn.

Dear WEE WISDOM—I go to a school that is in the woods. I am writing on a bench outdoors at school. We have lunch at school. Gulabuzue comes in the afternoon. Gulabuzue is a man with a big head that scares everybody.

Yours truly, *Richard Williams.*

Langdon, Alberta, Can.

Dear Friends—I am a little girl eight years old. I live on a farm eighteen miles from town, and cannot go to school, as we are four miles from a school. My sister is teaching me. I am taking seventy-five cents out of my bank for WEE WISDOM, so she can read me the stories. *Mildred Klilin.*

St. Paul, Minn.

Dear WEE WISDOM—This is the first time I have written to you. I am sending traveling expenses for another year. I like you very much. I do not know what I would do without you. I am eleven years old, and in the A fifth grade. I have two sisters and one brother. My brother's name is Benedict and my sisters' names are Dorothy and Olga.

From your loving Wee, *Mabel Olson.*

Duvall, Wash.

Dear WEE WISDOM—I thought as I have a little time, I might use it and write a few lines to you. I am going to school now, and I like it very much. We own the Duvall Hotel and are running it now. I just received the WEE WISDOM and thought about writing to you. How are all the Wees getting along, any way? I hope they all had a splendid vacation this summer, and you too. How is Blanche and her family getting on? Well, I will have to close now; will write again.

Merle's Pup

Your loving friend *Merle Gainer.*

P. S.—Please tell some of the Wees to write to me. I am going to send you a drawing of a little pup of ours.

Chinese Pie

Sing a song of China: A pocket full of rice,
Four and twenty puppy dogs and five and thirty mice!
When the pie was opened the pups began to bark,
When out went the candles and left them in the dark.

—*Bonnie.*

Cheney, Kans.

Dear WEE WISDOM—It was very kind of you to come with your October message. But you knew we could not do without you. I want to tell you something. I am a big boy now, five feet seven inches tall, and have taken you for about eight years. My little brother thinks he is the Wee and that you should be found among his mail; so if you will come to Robert V. Casad, I can read you just the same. Lots of love to all the Wees, and a whole bushel to "Wee Curtis." Inclosed find fifty cents and best wishes. *St. Clair Casad.*

Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear WEE WISDOM—I am so pleased with you that I would like to subscribe for you another year, and I would like a birthday present of a yearly subscription sent to Marion B. Burdett, providing she has not already subscribed. As her birthday is the 19th of October I would like her subscription to begin with the October number, and so she will get it by the 19th if possible. *Ethel I. Deyoe.*

Clayton, Cal.

Dear WEE WISDOM—This is my birthday. I am writing my second letter to you, and sending traveling expenses for another year, and ten cents for your birthday, which is a little late—I mean the ten cents. I enjoy you so much, especially the stories and "Wee Wisdom Club." I think I would rather have the fairy stories than the letters. If you decide to publish any more letters, here is a picture of me feeding Lambie from his bottle. Give my love to all the Wees, especially to Curtis. *George R. Duncan.*

George and Lambie

BLANCHE'S BIBLE LESSONS

Lesson 7, November 12

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST AND FATE.—Dan. 5:17-30.

Golden Text: "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."—Eccles. 12:14.

At a feast of the mighty king Belshazzar, some strange writing appeared on the wall. No one knew what it meant until Daniel was called in.

Now the father of Belshazzar, who had been king before

him, had gone through much suffering before he learned that God was almighty. In spite of this, Belshazzar forgot his spiritual self, or the Christ within him, and looked for pleasure and satisfaction in outside things. The writing on the wall which Daniel interpreted was a warning from God, or Spirit. It said that the king Belshazzar had been weighed in the balances and found wanting, and that his kingdom would be taken from him. The king rewarded Daniel with rich presents, but he did not listen to the Voice within. He went on with his feasting and drinking, and that night he was slain.

We must always listen to the Spirit, and practice the truth we are learning, or we will be weighed and found wanting. If when things seem to bother us we get angry, then we are "found wanting," and in pain. But if we always keep love thoughts in our hearts, then no matter what happens we cannot get angry. It is the same with other good things. If we keep our minds full of good, the lack thoughts cannot get in; and if they are not in, they can't show forth in our words or actions.

Lesson 8, November 19

EZRA'S JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.—Ezra 8:21-32.

Golden Text: "The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek him."—Ezra 8:22.

Ezra and his people were making a journey to Jerusalem, and they had with them the precious gold and silver vessels which belonged to the church. There were enemies all along the way, but Ezra was ashamed to ask for soldiers to protect them, because he had proclaimed that God helped all who would seek him. So he trusted in the Lord and got through all right.

We should, like Ezra, practice what we preach. We believe that the Spirit within us is mightier than any outside force. Then when some unreal thing begins to loom up and look real—like toothache, or anger, or some of those nothings—we must not be afraid and try to get outside help. We must stick to our faith in the Christ within, and it will never fail to help us. We must remember to *let* the Spirit help us. It is there, willing, but if we are afraid and do not declare that God is Good and God is all, we shut the door against the Spirit. It is easy to practice the truth in sunny weather; but when the clouds come, it is more necessary and a greater blessing.

Lesson 9, November 26

NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER.—Nehemiah 1.

Golden Text: "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."—Jas. 5:16.

To-day's lesson is one on prayer. Some of us do not know how to pray, and others do not realize the good which comes to us through prayer.

Nehemiah, who was in a strange country, heard that his people, the Israelites, were having a hard time in Jerusalem, and that part of the wall around the city had been torn down and the gates burned. He mourned greatly, for he loved his people. He knew that he, just one lone man, could of himself do nothing to help them; but he did not despair on that account. He fasted and prayed to the most high God. His prayer was answered, and in the next lesson we will learn how he helped his people.

The story of Nehemiah teaches us the use of prayer.

We who complain, or feel sorry or discouraged, are merely wasting our time. Prayer will solve all our difficulties. But we must pray aright. Jesus taught us how to pray; he said we should ask as though we had already received. If we had received something we would say Thank you! wouldn't we? Well, that is the way to pray. If we want more health, we know that it is already ours if we will acknowledge it; so we should say, "Father, I thank and praise thee for abundant health!" It is the same with anything we want—strength, joy, love, prosperity, or intelligence. Just thank the Spirit for them, for they are ours. We will have every good thing if we will acknowledge it and give thanks for it.

Lesson 10, December 3

NEHEMIAH REBUILDS THE WALL OF JERUSALEM.—Nehemiah 4:6-18.

Golden Text: "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."—I Cor. 16:13.

Last week we read of Nehemiah, and how he prayed that he might help his people. This lesson tells how his prayer was answered.

In the country where Nehemiah was, he stood high at court, being cup bearer to the king. After his prayer and fast, he

went before the king looking very sad. Since he generally was cheerful, the king asked what troubled him. Then Nehemiah told how his people were suffering, and how the walls of the city were torn down. He asked the king to allow him to return to Jerusalem and help his people rebuild the wall. The king consented, and gave him men and horses. Nehemiah went to Jerusalem and gathered his people together to build the wall. Sometimes their enemies bothered them and tried to stop their work, and sometimes they would get discouraged, thinking the task too great; but always Nehemiah was behind them, encouraging them and telling them to remember the Lord.

This story of the rebuilding of the wall around Jerusalem by Nehemiah and his people can teach us how to build a wall of truth around our city of peace—Jerusalem.

First, where is our Jerusalem? It is the quiet, peaceful place in the very center of our being. When we learn to keep our minds in the city of peace all the time, then nothing can bother us. We will always be balanced, always happy and healthy; for lack of health or joy or any good thing comes from lack of security. That is, if we were always perfectly sure that God was our health—if we always knew that, and never wavered—we would always have health, wouldn't we? When we are in the peaceful place within, where nothing outside can disturb us, it is easier to know, isn't it?

That we may stay in this place and keep outside things away it is well to build a wall of truth around it. The stones with which to build it are good, true thoughts.

Sometimes we may be discouraged and think it takes a long time to build the wall high enough to keep out all untrue things; but we must be courageous, as were Nehemiah and his people, and remember the Lord.

Let us build around our city of peace a strong wall, in which every stone is a true thought, and let us cement it together with love. Then it will last forever.

What a loving, pretty elf
Is my Spirit-self!
Full of joy and kindliness,
Truth and happiness. —*V. K.*

BLANCHE'S CORNER

THANKSGIVING

Of course we're thankful every day; but there is one day each year when we stop and count up, and we find that we have so many good things in our lives that it will take every minute of our time just being thankful, and we won't have a bit of time to complain.

Talking of pleasant things, I want to tell you of the lovely party Curtis and I had a few weeks ago. The girlies I used to talk to every Sunday, and the boys' class, came out and brought ice cream and cake and candy, and stayed all afternoon. And the best of it all was—we didn't even have the least tiny idea they were coming! Wasn't that fine? We had a good time, and Wee Curtis enjoyed it hugely. He likes company as well as his mother does, and hopes they will come again. Oh, yes! I must tell you about the cakes. My girlies made them, and let me tell you, I was proud of them! Why, even Curtis's papa ate large slices of them and said they were fine. He generally eats sparingly of the cake Curtis's mamma makes.

It was lovely of my boys and girls, and adds a big section to my list of things for which to return thanks.

We thank our Father of all Good,
Who supplies us with this food.
May the blessings we enjoy
Come to every girl and boy.

WEE WISDOM

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DEVOTED TO
Practical Christianity

Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace

MYRTLE FILLMORE, *Editor*
BLANCHE SAGE HASELTINE, *Associate Editor*.

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THANKSGIVING

I'm thankful to dear God, the Good,
For my clothes and for my food;
For my joys and friends so dear,
And everything that brings me cheer.

A thankful heart and happy mind
Make me loving, gentle, kind.
And when only Good I see,
Only Good will come to me. —MAMIE.

☞ IF THERE IS A BLUE MARK at the end of this notice, it is because you have forgotten to invite WEE WISDOM to continue her visits to you. You must not miss her this year, for she has planned many new treats for her readers, great and small.

* * * * *

I, Wisdom, cause those that love me to inherit substance, and I will fill their treasuries.

Holiday Books for Children

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